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THE PATRIARCHAL HISTORY CONTINUED.

IN following the thread of patriarchal history, we reached, in our last chapter, the birth of twin sons to Isaac and Rebekah. We soon learn, as we proceed, that one of them is the more fondly loved by the father, and the other by the mother; each being the *favorite* of one or the other; a division of feeling not more likely to prove advantageous to the children than favorable to the mutual comfort of the parents.

Fifteen years after this event, in the orderings of Heaven, a melancholy duty arises upon this family. Abraham the Faithful has filled the measure of his days. Isaac, and his ill-used brother Ishmael (who seems to have come home for the express purpose), unite, with a sad piety and much apparent mutual sympathy, in performing his obsequies; mourning with equal sensibility a loss which was far from being equally great to both. And now Isaac succeeds to the place, the property, the religious calling, of his father; and Abraham, the progenitor of the people of God, lives in his son. At the mature age of seventy-five, he assumes the new position,—a position for which his education and habits, and the influences to which he had been subject, well qualified him. He is the heir of a large estate: but this does not disturb, in the least, the equanimity of his nature; awakens no vanity, no pride, in his breast; makes him no more selfish, no more ambitious, than before; takes nothing from his gentleness,

nothing from his devoutness. We see, in fact, no change in him, save that he is now obliged to rely on himself, being aided no longer by his father's prudence and sagacity. And we cannot but feel that the mantle of the father is, on the whole, folded gracefully over the son, and that he is quite worthy to receive and to transmit those divine truths which have made his posterity a peculiar people; peculiar in their worship of the only God; peculiar also in being the stock from which sprang the world's Redeemer. Peacefully, prosperously, piously, the head of a pastoral household, happy in the affection of his wife, hopeful in regard to his children, respected by the people around, he lives on. By and by, his sons begin to develop each his distinguishing traits. Esau, the elder, discovers qualities which endear him particularly to his father, while Rebekah finds in Jacob the more precious jewel. Esau is active, playful, bold, enterprising, fond of the chase, enthusiastic in temperament, and very warm in his affection. Jacob is still, sly, reserved; preferring to be at home rather than abroad, and with his mother than with anybody else. He is timid, self-distrusting, has no openness and generosity, and is more cunning than honest. Was it an instinctive foresight of his character which dictated his name — "Supplanter"? At any rate, it must be confessed that his conduct gave singular appropriateness to it. One of the first acts of his life exhibits him in very disagreeable contrast with his brother, to whom the opinion of the world has always been less than just, nay, more than unjust. The incident to which we refer is the selling of his birthright; a bargain which is commonly treated as extremely foolish on his part, extremely shrewd on Jacob's; used, indeed, to point the moral of bargains in which one side, with eyes wide open, is egregiously cheated. For ourselves, we respect him all the more for that bargain. He acted very wisely in it, very nobly; while his brother Jacob, on the other hand, showed a meanness which to call contemptible would not express all its force. Is it not so? Recall the circumstances. Returning from the field, entirely exhausted by hunger and fatigue, he finds his brother engaged in preparing a dinner of herbs. He tells him how weary and faint and hungry he is, and asks for a portion of the repast. Jacob, seeing that he has him at advantage, renews a request (for it is evident they had talked on the subject before) that he would sell to him his rights as the first-born of their

father. Esau cares but little for those rights, and is in no condition to stand upon terms; for he says: "Behold, I am at the point to die, and what profit shall this birthright do to me?" Rather a natural reflection for a starving man, certainly! Besides, it was not difficult for one of his force of character to give up those privileges; for he felt sure that, with his own right arm and the blessing of God, he could make his way in the world without them. So, by solemn covenant, he relinquished his birthright; and Jacob, when he had made sure of it,—not before,—gave a mess of pottage to his starving brother! Now, which is the more base, to sell a birthright under such circumstances for such a consideration, or to buy it? The common instincts of the heart may be trusted for the right answer. It does not appear, however, that this over-reaching of Jacob produced any thing like hostility between the brothers, though it could scarcely have failed to cause some unpleasant feeling; and it is not likely that the mother was able to conceal her gratification at the good fortune of her favorite son; and this would tend, of course, to widen the breach in the family.

Still they continue to live together in the tents of their father for a number of years longer, when the region where they sojourn is visited by a famine. At the appearance of the famine, the first thought of Isaac is to go down, as Abraham had done before him, into the land of Egypt, and abide there till it was over. But just then the Divine Voice, familiar to his ear, counsels him to remove a little to the northward, to a place called Gerar, in the land of the Philistines. The Voice also renews the promise, "Unto thee and unto thy seed will I give all these countries, and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Such persuasions, who was he that he should withstand them? But we allude to the circumstance now chiefly in order to do justice to those Philistines whom it has been usual to regard as a tribe of savages, in their moral condition wholly below the strangers from the East residing amongst them. Not so, by any means. They were evidently a kind, inoffensive, and hospitable people. Although, between the herdmen of Gerar and Isaac's herdmen, there arose a contention, yet Abimelech the king treated Isaac with the greatest consideration; strictly charging his people not to molest him; allowing him to re-open old wells and dig new ones for his cattle; permitting him the use of a tract of land for sowing, so fertile that

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it yielded a hundred-fold; encouraging his stay till he had added largely to his flocks and his herds, and the number of his servants, and a jealousy of him had been created in some of the king's subjects. And then, when he had removed a short distance, to Beersheba, the king went out to see him, and proposed a treaty of amity with him as though he had been an independent sovereign. And this treaty was made in the best spirit on both sides; Abimelech showing himself as friendly, as peaceably disposed, as honorable,—yes, and as religious,—as Isaac. Honor to Abimelech, king of the Philistines!

And now we come to the first serious cross in the family of Isaac. His sons have reached the age of forty. "Marriage is honorable in all men," so thought Esau, and St. Paul after him; but it makes trouble sometimes. Disregarding the wishes of his parents in this instance, though his prevailing disposition was filial and kind, Esau forms a matrimonial union with two maidens of the highly respectable family of Heth. He chooses to marry from among his old neighbors, instead of sending, like his amiable father, to obtain a wife from the land of their ancestors. It is impossible for us to collect the reasons which determined his choice; but if the young women were intelligent, morally worthy, and otherwise agreeable, it would be difficult to impugn his discretion. Expecting to spend his days in that country, certainly an alliance with some of its families would tend to make his residence more comfortable, and, in the event of hostilities between himself and others, might prove a great advantage. Be that as it may, these two Hittite women, thus brought into the family, "were a grief of mind" to both parents.

And here we turn over another important leaf in this biography. Isaac is advanced in life, being one hundred years old; and to his other afflictions is added that of total blindness, "knowledge at one entrance quite shut out." In this so trying case, it was the special delight of his elder son to cheer his heart by filial attentions, procuring for him assiduously such delicacies for the appetite as he knew him to be fond of. Attentions of this kind long continued, combined with an original very strong partiality, had completely conquered the heart of the good old man. The return of this son from the chase would always bring a smile over his saddened countenance; for not only did his presence give him joy, but he loved the fine venison he killed, and the savory meats

he prepared for him. In this state of their relations occurs an instance of duplicity and treachery, on the part of the mother and brother, which has seldom been outdone, and which nothing can excuse. Under the promise of a special blessing from his father, and obedient to his wishes, Esau went out into the woods to hunt deer, animated by the expectation of receiving the promised blessing, which was a sort of oracular announcement, from the high ground of piety and prayer, of future good fortune. It chanced that his mother heard the promise, and knew the expectation. And what did she then? She prevailed on her darling Jacob to disguise himself in such manner, that, when his blind old father should feel of him, as he knelt down before him, he should take him to be Esau, and so bestow upon him the blessing. O Rebekah! how couldst thou? But Jacob is suited exactly. He will carry it through. Oh, yes! the plan succeeds admirably. The blessing is stolen; Esau is defrauded; and it is not a thing to be laughed at. It is a very serious thing for him; for when he returns, not many minutes after the iniquity had been consummated, and hastens to his father, saying, "Let my father arise, and eat of his son's venison, that thy soul may bless me," and the wicked cheat is then revealed to him,—what disappointment, what bitterness of grief, does he manifest! On hearing of the wrong, it is not resentment which first kindles in him; no, it is ineffable sorrow. He had desired that blessing, a superstition to be sure, more than all things beside; and, when he found that he had been defrauded of it, "he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Bless me, even me also, O my father!" He did not ask him to recall the blessing surreptitiously obtained by his brother; he had too much magnanimity for that; but he entreated him to find one more blessing for *him*. "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me also, O my father! And he lifted up his voice, and wept." What a scene! This is not a boy, weeping for some trifling loss or privation, but a man; a strong, resolute man; a man more than forty years old. There must have been cause for such tears! And they were not quite unavailing. He obtained a blessing, but not a very satisfactory one; for, although it promised him much in the future, it also gave him to understand that he was to be subject for a time to his brother. That part of the blessing, however, he took good care not to have realized.

As might be supposed, the conduct of Jacob, in twice circumventing him, does not immediately pass from his memory; and it rankles in his bosom, and stirs up even a feeling of revenge, insomuch that he is almost determined to take his life,—think of the age in which he lived; think of the provocation; think of what men do now-a-days in Christian communities, pretty good men too; and judge him not so severely as we are wont. Do not follow the commentators who pass a smoothing-iron over Jacob's treachery and selfishness, while they hold up Esau, for his resentment, as an awful example of blood-thirstiness and contempt of God's law.

The progress of time does nothing towards reconciling Rebekah to Esau's marriage. "I am weary of my life," she complains to her husband, "because of the daughters of Heth." Will Jacob go and do likewise? The fear troubles her; and, in order to put an end to this anxiety at once, Isaac affectionately entreats him to go immediately to Padan-Aram, and take for his wife one of the daughters of his uncle Laban. The thought is pleasing unto his mind, and with all despatch he starts on the interesting expedition. Of the incidents of this journey we have room for no more than the bare mention,—the vision he saw, the beautiful vision, as he lay at night with his head resting on a stone for a pillow, and the religious use he made of it, beautiful as the vision itself; his opportune and most gratifying meeting of the daughter of Laban at the well near Haran; his seven years' service of Laban for the promise of his daughter's hand, and the artifice by which that promise was evaded (returning upon him in another form his own previous duplicity); his seven other years of service before obtaining the prize of his heart; the increase of his riches till it became great; the birth of children to him in that land; his falling out with his father-in-law, and secret departure with his wife and children and all his possessions for his native country,—of these things we omit to speak. Yet not altogether; for there is one scene in which Jacob appears to great advantage, and that, in justice to him, we will briefly notice. He had gone away stealthily from Laban, and his wife had carried off with her certain valuables in the shape of *images*—Lightfoot supposes them to have been small statues of her ancestors—belonging to her father. Laban was enraged; and, summoning his men, started, three days after Jacob had left, in pursuit of the fugitives. On the seventh day he overtook them. The interview which

took place is as interesting as any thing in history. The conversation is followed by a search, with the consent of Jacob (who was ignorant that they had been purloined) for the stolen articles. Search is first made in Leah's tent, then in Rachel's, everywhere among their goods, but without success. At the conclusion of the search, it is Jacob's turn to be angry because such an accusation had been made against the members of his family; and he bursts out in a strain of noble disdain and bold defiance of his father-in-law, which shows him, with all his faults, to be capable of something by and by. Whoever would see a fine specimen of indignant eloquence, let him read this. And it had great effect. Laban was subdued by it, and immediately proposed terms of peace; and thus the quarrel, which threatened to be lasting, soon ended in friendship and a solemn act of religion.

Jacob pursues his journey homeward; and very soon, of a night, another incident, requiring a passing comment, occurs,—a vision, namely, of an angel of the Lord, and a “wrestling” with him till the break of day. The faith of many Christians may be such as to receive the literal truth of what is related in this matter. We have no quarrel with it. Yet it sounds oddly enough: “he *wrestled* with an angel”! Besides, the Bible does not say so. It says, “He was left alone, and there wrestled a *man* with him until the breaking of the day.” Well, that is odd enough! Perhaps, after all, there was no actual wrestling in the case, but only earnest and unbroken prayer through the night for a safe meeting with his long-ago injured brother, answered by a comforting assurance that he should have what he sought. Might not that have been pictorially described, originally, by the figures of a man and an angel striving together, and the former prevailing? Or may not this perhaps have been a dream, regarded by Jacob as of the Lord's inspiring; a dream in which he heard the angel of the Lord saying unto him, “Thy name shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel, the Prevailer”? In those early days, before the world had received its great and general revelations, a necessity existed for many particular revelations; and these were sometimes given in *dreams*, accompanied by such impressions on the mind of the dreamer that he was obliged to accept them as divine communications. Whether, therefore, we interpret the wrestling scene as the description of an importunate and prevailing prayer or as an inspired dream, the *moral* truth and impression

conveyed are the same as those of the literal story, while the manifest incongruity and absurdity of that are avoided.

Onward he travels, till at length he meets in the way, after a twenty years' separation, his brother Esau. And what a meeting! how open, manly, affectionate, on the part of Esau! how cautious, timid, anxious, yet respectful, on the part of Jacob! Esau, with a retinue of four hundred men; Jacob, with his wives and groups of children and many servants! Jacob, with the formal ceremony of an Eastern prince meeting a prince, moving slowly towards his brother, and bowing profoundly at every step; Esau, whose impetuous affection could not be restrained for etiquette, running to embrace him, and in one warm gush of fraternal love whelming all old resentments! Their arms flung around each other's necks, these twin brothers and the sympathies of their youth all freshly returning!

And here, in this scene, a new person is introduced to us,—one of great note afterwards, and of immense influence on the fortunes of his family,—for among those who bowed themselves to Esau was JOSEPH! And, as the remainder of Jacob's life is much affected by the fortune and closely intertwined with the life of this son of illustrious fame, the review of it may be deferred till we come, in our next chapter, to speak of him.

J. W. T.

MEASURES are progressing in earnest, for the introduction of Street Preaching in the city of New York. Several meetings have been held for the discussion of the subject, consisting of about one hundred and fifty persons, chiefly ministers; and have resulted in passing a series of resolutions, in which they invite the clergy of the city and neighborhood, of all evangelical denominations, to co-operate,—and in which they designate suitable places for the work,—and recommend the appointment of a committee, in which all the co-operating denominations shall be represented to supervise the work. A committee of fifteen was appointed, and the work will probably commence as soon as arrangements can be made.—*Selected.*

OUR RELIGIOUS WANTS.

THERE is need of a revival in our churches. Are not our public services less and less regarded? Are not our children withheld from the rite of baptism? Do not many of our thoughtful young people, and some of the most serious and earnest-minded of our elders too, turn from the celebration of the Lord's Supper as something with which they have no concern?

That these questions must be answered in the affirmative, cannot, we think, be denied. The fact is to be lamented, for it tells of something wrong on the part of churches or of people. It is with this fact, as connected with our New England churches,—with our Unitarian churches, we will say,—that we have to do. Our present time is characterized, more than any other, by fearless, independent thought. Truth is to be acknowledged wherever it is found,

“On Pagan or on Christian ground.”

And falsehood is to be as fearlessly renounced. There are no longer any sacred precincts where she may hide and shelter herself from the resolute search of the reformer. As firmly as he treads the walks of science, he enters the temple-aisle, and, without a trembling hand, lifts the veil which has been reverenced as holy; falters not as he shakes the dust from the sacred treasures; and is not startled if many crumble in his touch. “Truth will endure, falsehood must pass away,” is his motto: “the sooner the rough work is done, the better for the world.” Our spiritual faith is one of the noble results of this protesting spirit. It has come forth disburthened of the dust and cobwebs with which superstition had encumbered the religious life; holding fast the important fact, that “*life is not mere belief*, but good works also; that love and kind acts to our neighbor were inculcated by Christ as plainly as the worship of the Father; and that the service of good deeds is no less important than that of the temple.”

This idea, which we believe to be implanted in the central heart of the Unitarian faith, has carried some of its recipients farther than was at first foreseen. Awakened to a sense of the

evils which had long been submitted to unconsciously, roused to a sense of the need of exertion to be free from them,—the reform-spirit has burst all bonds of conservatism; the centrifugal force has quite overbalanced the centripetal; and, as must always be when the natural laws are violated, disorder has ensued. The impulse of the day is one which tends strongly to individualism. External law is unheeded; “the divine law is written within the soul; it is for us to be true to that.” What shall check the headlong rush, this restless, onward motion? What shall give the soul the *repose* for the want of which it suffers? What voice shall say to the tumultuous anxious strife of the elements, “Peace, be still”?

We suffer for the want of the full reception of the religion of Jesus. Truly “he went about *doing* good;” but his nights, spent in prayer upon the mountain, teach us that his life was contemplative and devotional too; and his daily intercourse with his disciples, especially his parting words to them, and his last prayer for them, reveal to us how deep and close the feeling of brotherhood he wished should unite them to each other and to him. This principle of Christian brotherhood, we believe, has hardly begun to be felt as it should be. The looking to Christ, as the bond of union of disciples with each other, is an idea that we most imperfectly recognize. “One with him, as the branches with the vine,” — thus he expressed his desire of perfect unity among his disciples; an intimacy of union, which is the consciousness of his life in us as the very pulse of ours. “*He that eateth me shall live by me,*” he says to his disciples; thus expressing his desire to become really incorporated with his followers. He knew that they had not life enough of themselves to find their way to the Father; so he seeks to give *himself* to them, that through him they may attain to that oneness with God which is the soul’s only rest.

At his last supper with them, this thought seems to have returned to him with increased intensity; so that the food before him seemed transformed into symbols of that spiritual life he desired to impart to them. And, with his heart glowing with the earnestness of holy love, he says, “This is my *body*, this is my *blood*; this do in remembrance of me.” What does this mean, unless it is, “When ye assemble together, as has been your custom, to keep this feast with me, let it be no longer the Jewish

Passover that you keep, but *remember me*; feel that my life still circulates in you, that I give the bread of life to all who seek it, that you are still *one* in me, and that I am with you alway?"?

Viewed in this way, it seems to us that the communion of the Lord's Supper has more and truer meaning than as it is generally presented, — as a duty of love and gratitude to Jesus, especially commemorative of his sufferings and death for us. We do, indeed, need to take these to our hearts in our hours of deepest, loneliest thought; we need the humbling rebuke they give to our poor impatience, the strength with which they enable us to bear all trials through reverent, loving sympathy with him who endured so much; we need, most of all, the spirit of self-sacrifice which they enkindle. But we need, too, to come out from our retirement, however elevated it may be; and in this act, at once devotional and social, seek the life of which we have so much want. Here, to this supper, we would come; feeling the burden of our infirmities lightened as we remember that he said, "I will give you rest." Here we would come; remembering that those assembled with us, the highest and the lowliest, are all "thirsting for the living spring." Here we would seek to come with hearts so pure that we may drink the water of life freely; warm with love towards all who meet us there; uniting them all in our supplications for light from above. Thus, it seems to us, this communion-season is to fulfil the end which our beloved Master had in view; it is Christ taking his followers by the hand, and those followers saying to each other, "We know your struggles, your infirmities, by our own; we have relied too much upon ourselves; our hearts have sometimes been proud, looking down upon our neighbors: but now together let us come unto him; he will give us what we need, — *his life in us*. He has trodden this earthly path, passed through its darkest scenes, his spirit all the while at rest with God; and we remember that he promised all things asked in his name should be received: then, as the living branches united in the vine, we seek the nourishment which sustains our being; in perfect faith that no one will be turned away unfed, but relying on the free reception of his spirit so freely offered as the true way to approach the Father."

ONE OF THE LAITY.

THE

MESSAGE OF THE CHURCH TO LABORING MEN.

A SERMON BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, JUN., RECTOR OF EVERSLY,
ENGLAND.

CONFIDENT that it will be received and read with satisfaction by many who would not otherwise see it, we reprint, from an English copy, the following sermon. The introductory note sufficiently explains the circumstances that have contributed to give it celebrity. The author, Rev. Charles Kingsley, is a clergyman of the Established Church, and is also the author of those pungent and strong pictures of the English laborer's wrongs, "Alton Locke," and "Yeast." It is a source of pleasure to have an assurance so direct that there is more than one kind of preaching within the pale of the Establishment. Nor are such men as Mr. Maurice and Mr. Kingsley, however watched and suspected by the "powers," by any means alone there in their progressive, humane, and liberal spirit.—ED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following sermon was delivered last Sunday evening, in the District Church of St. John, in the parish of St. Pancras. As soon as the blessing had been pronounced, the clergyman of that church rose in the reading-desk, and declared his belief that the doctrine of a great part of the discourse was untrue. He added, that he had been led to suppose that the sermon would have had an entirely different character. Many who heard this statement very naturally believed that Mr. Kingsley and some of his friends had succeeded, by false pretences, in obtaining leave to preach in Mr. Drew's pulpit, and that they had been admitted to that privilege under solemn guarantees, which one of them had violated. A gentleman who did not entertain this opinion himself, but who found it prevailing among a great many of his acquaintances, applied to Mr. Maurice to explain the facts of the case, so far as he knew them. The following letter was received in answer to this request:—

"My dear Sir,—About four months ago, Mr. Drew requested me to take part in a course of lectures, to be delivered in his church on certain Sunday evenings in the months of June and July. He said at the same time that he had been reading Mr. Kingsley's books with the greatest interest, and that he earnestly

desired to secure him as one of the lecturers. I promised that I would mention the subject to him, though I knew that he rarely came to London, and seldom preached except in his own parish. Mr. Drew wrote to me a short time before Easter, expressing his wish that some arrangement should be made immediately respecting the lectures, as he was leaving town. I happened to be spending a day or two with Mr. Kingsley when the letter reached me. He agreed, though with some inconvenience to himself, that he would preach a sermon on 'The Message of the Church to the Laboring Man.' I suggested the subject to him. Mr. Drew intimated the most cordial approval of it. Neither Mr. Kingsley nor I told him what we intended to say in our sermons. It would have been ridiculous to do so. He had asked us, not only with a previous knowledge of our published writings, but expressly because he had that knowledge. Mr. Kingsley says he should have been willing to show Mr. Drew his manuscript if he had wished it, and to have erased any passages to which he objected; so strong is his feeling that a clergyman should not deliver in another man's pulpit even what he would think right in his own, if it clashed with the feelings and convictions of the person who invited him. I do not agree with him. I would not have altered or omitted a single line in a sermon of mine at Mr. Drew's request. He might ask me to preach or not, as he liked. If he chose to do it, he must submit to hear what it seemed to me right, as a minister of God, to speak. But, be that as it may, I pledge you my word that no questions were asked, and no guarantees were given. Mr. Kingsley took precisely that view of the 'Message of the Church to the Laboring Man' which every reader of his books would have expected him to take. As you were present on Sunday evening last, you know that it was so. Those who were not present will, I hope, soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves, since the sermon will be published exactly as it was preached.

"Very truly yours,

"F. D. MAURICE.

"21, Queen's Square, June 25, 1851."

The readers of this sermon will be kind enough to remember that it has not been corrected by the writer;* that he has not availed himself of the privilege which every author would wish to claim, of removing errors in composition, or of expressing senti-

* In the second edition, however, a few verbal corrections were supplied by the author.

ments which he finds his hearers had misunderstood in different words. His friends took the manuscript from him as soon as it had been preached. They were determined that the awful charge, which is implied in the assertion by a fellow-clergyman, that he believed Mr. Kingsley to have uttered false doctrine, should be submitted to a fair trial. They believed that whatever mistakes Mr. Kingsley may have made in particular statements, he has shown in this sermon that the church has a voice for the poor men of this land, which will at last reach them, in spite of the feebleness of those who deliver it, in spite of the gross and terrible scandals which the divisions of the clergy and their contradictions of each other must necessarily occasion. Those who observed the solemnity of Mr. Kingsley's manner while he was delivering his sermon, still more when he was praying with the congregation and blessing them, will believe that the thought of having unwittingly made himself a stumbling-block to his fellow-men was infinitely more bitter to him than any mere personal insult which he was called to endure.

S E R M O N .

LUKE iv. 16—21: "And Jesus came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath-day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And, when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.' And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, 'This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears.'"

THE notion of the Christian Church is associated, in the minds of many, with the notion of priestcraft and kingcraft; of the slavery of the intellect, persecution, and tyranny; and it would be ridiculous to deny that they have cause enough for connecting the thought of it with those fearful sins of man against man. The history of the church, in every age, is full of sad tales of the sins of the clergy against the people. But the honest and thoughtful man who reads such tales, whatever just indignation he will feel against the doers of them, will pause before he condemns and throws away from him the church, and Christianity itself, for the sins of the men who had the preaching thereof. He is bound, by every law of fairness, to ask himself,—These tyrannies, persecutions, enslavements of the intellect, trucklings

to the rich and powerful of the earth, were they in accordance with the spirit of the church, or were they contradictory to it? Were men priests in as far as they did such things; or may they not, in doing them, have been acting exactly contrary to their own calling, denying their own orders, and making themselves no priests at all by the very act of tyranny and bigotry? I assert the latter. I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is to preach and practise liberty, equality, and brotherhood, in the fullest, deepest, widest, simplest meaning of these three great words; that in as far as he so does, he is a true priest, doing his Lord's work, with his Lord's blessing on him; that, in as far as he does not, he is no priest at all, but a traitor to God and man; and that, if he persevered in his mistake—and a wilful mistake it must be—about his own work, the Lord of that priest will come in an hour when he is not aware, and in a way that he thinketh not of, and will, in fearful literalness, cut him *asunder!* and appoint him his portion with the unbelievers, where will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

I assert this in solemn earnest. I believe that the awful words which I have just spoken mean far more than I can conceive. I believe that they apply to me as much as to any one else; that in saying them I have testified against myself, and called down on my own head the curse of God, if I do not preach the message of God. But I must do so. I must confess the truth, and give every man here a handle against me, on the strength of the words which I have chosen for my text. I say, those words express the very pith and marrow of a priest's business. I say that they preach liberty, equality, and brotherhood to the poor and rich for ever and ever.

You will all agree, at least, that there is nothing tending to excuse tyranny, pride of class, persecution, or enslavement of the intellect in them.

A poor young man, the son of a village girl, professes to be the Son of God, one with the Almighty Father of heaven and earth. He professes that he is come to show forth God; to declare the likeness of the Almighty Father, whom no man hath seen or can see: he proves that likeness to be the likeness of a Father. By mighty works of love and mercy, of healing and deliverance, he shows that God is love; that his likeness is not the likeness of a

taskmaster, but of a deliverer; not of a tyrant, but of a father, whose love is over all his works. This strange man, going into one of the churches of the country village where he had been brought up, asserts that the Spirit of the Lord is on him to preach good news to the poor. He elsewhere says what this gospel or good news is,—the good news of the kingdom of God; the good news that this world is governed by the all-good and all-righteous Maker of it; that he has not left or forgotten it; that all things in it, sad and fearful as they may seem at first sight, are surely for good to the humble, the gentle, the righteous, the sorrowful, the poor, the persecuted. He arrogates for himself the highest spiritual rank and honor, in words which, the moment we attempt to explain them away, or to deny his own assertion that he was indeed very God the Son of God, become the most frantic blasphemy; and yet he breathes no word of arbitrary power, no word of what the devourers of the earth style a paternal government, no word about implicit and unreasoning submission to his teaching. He is sent, not to drug, not even to comfort, but to *heal* the broken-hearted; to proclaim deliverance to the captives, whether it be their bodies, their minds, or their hearts which are enslaved; to proclaim to the blind, not that they are to have a guide who will lead them by the hand in their blindness, but recovery of sight; recovery of the power of using their own faculties, of seeing their own way, and guiding themselves by their own judgment. Nay more, he is actually to send away at liberty (so runs the original Greek) those who are crushed. For God's sake, my dear friends, look honestly at the simple, straightforward meaning of those words, and see whether they can mean any thing but one thing,—freedom.

But if there was one expression of the Lord Jesus on that day which must, above all others, have given hope to the oppressed poor of Judea, and struck terror into the hearts of those who had been enslaving their countrymen,—adding house to house, and field to field, and making a few rich at the expense of many poor,—it must have been the last sentence which he quotes from Isaiah: “The Spirit of the Lord hath anointed me to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.” Now, there would be no doubt in the minds of his hearers as to what he meant; for that year of the Lord, justly called acceptable and pleasant to the many, was one of the wisest of Moses’ institutions, by which, at the

expiration of a certain period, all debtors and bond-servants were released, and all land which had been sold returned to its original possessor; so that in Judea there could be no absolute or eternal alienation of the soil, but only, as Moses ordered, a lease of it, according to its value, between the time of sale and the next year of Jubilee. If I wanted one proof above all others of the inspired wisdom of Moses, I should choose this unparalleled contrivance for preventing the accumulation of large estates, and the reduction of the people into the state of serfs and day-laborers. And this acceptable year, the Lord said he was come to preach; and more, that the Spirit of God had anointed him to proclaim it,—that eternal Spirit of eternal justice and eternal righteousness, whose laws cannot change for any consideration of men's expediency, but, true once, are true for ever. And therefore, if those words of the Lord of all the earth mean any thing, my friends, they mean this,—that all systems of society which favor the accumulation of capital in a few hands; which oust the masses from the soil which their forefathers possessed of old; which reduce them to the level of serfs and day-laborers, living on wages and on alms; which crush them down with debt, or in anywise degrade or enslave them, or deny them a permanent stake in the commonwealth, are contrary to the kingdom of God which Jesus proclaimed,—contrary to the eternal justices and righteousnesses of the Spirit of God,—contrary to the constitution of man and the will of his heavenly Father,—and contrary to the idea of the church, which witnesses for God's kingdom upon earth, and calls all men and nations to enter into it, and be saved therein in body, soul, and spirit. And therefore I hold it the duty of every Christian priest, upon the strength of that one single text, even if the same lesson did not run through the whole of Scripture from beginning to end, to lift up his voice like a trumpet and cry aloud, as I do now, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" "Woe unto you that are full, for ye have received your consolation already." "Woe unto you that add house to house and field to field, that ye may stand alone in the land till there be no room left." Woe unto you that make a few rich to make many poor. Woe unto you that make merchandise out of the needs of your brethren. Woe unto you who, on the hustings and on the platform, fall down and humble yourselves, that the congregation of the poor may fall into the hands

of your leaders. Woe unto you; for God, the Father of all, is against you; God the Son, the poor man of Nazareth, is against you; God the Holy Spirit, who cannot lie, is against you. There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death. There is One above who hath sworn by himself, and cannot lie, that when the people are diminished and brought low through oppression, through any plague or sorrow, then he will pour contempt upon princes, and make them wander out of their way in the wilderness of their own suicidal folly, while he sets the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him households like a flock of sheep.

And it seems to me, as I have said already, the duty of every Christian priest, in as far as he professes to proclaim to men what his Master proclaimed before him, to declare without fear of men this same message and decree of God declared in my text, which I have summed up in the three words, — freedom, equality, and brotherhood. But, whether he chooses to preach them or not, the church to which he belongs will preach them in spite of him, — preach them in a deeper, purer, wider, more divine form than they ever have been proclaimed hitherto by any man or human institution. For we must never forget, that alongside of every great truth there is certain to be a sham and a counterfeit of that truth, springing from the self-will and narrow views of men, while the truth itself springs from the all-seeing and almighty love of God. And thus of the liberty, equality, and fraternity which God proclaims, there are counterfeits of man's proclaiming, false meteors which imitate the true sun, wills-o'-the-wisp which lead the unwary only deeper into the morass. Thus, of liberty there are two kinds: the false, as where man is free to do what he likes; the true, as where a man is free to do what he ought, — to do, in short, the will of his Father in heaven; and to do that he must be free, not merely outwardly and politically, but inwardly in his spirit. That inward freedom must not be the consequence, but the cause and reason, of his outward freedom; his heart must be free from all degrading passions; his mind must be free from all confusing falsehoods and prejudices, and then the freedom of his body and of his citizenship not only ought but will follow as a matter of course. Against that man the gates of hell shall no more prevail than against Him who eighteen years ago conquered death and hell by the very act of a shameful

execution. This is the true freedom of the spirit, having which, a man has a right to demand, in the name of God who made him, all other freedom whatsoever, that he may serve God and his countrymen and the whole human race without let or hindrance. And this freedom, I say, the church proclaims as nothing else proclaims it.

And, again, of equality, there are two kinds : the false, which reduces all intellects and all characters to a dead level, and gives the same power to the bad as to the good, to the wise as to the foolish, ending thus in practice in the grossest inequality ; and the true equality, wherein each man has equal powers to educate and to use whatsoever faculties or talents God has given him, be they less or more ; and there are equal opportunities for unequal characters, and every man is rewarded, not according to the quantity which he has done, but according to the proportion between what he has done and what he was able to do ; so that of him to whom little is given little is expected ; and he to whom most is given, carries only with him the more awful weight of responsibility. This is the divine and spiritual equality which the church proclaims, and nothing else proclaims as she does.

And of brotherhood, likewise, there are two kinds, the false and the true; the false, when a man chooses who shall be his brothers, and whom he will treat as such ; when he claims his own class as his brothers, and not other classes also ; when he claims men of his own opinions as his brothers, and not men who differ from him : and true brotherhood, in which a man believes that all are his brothers, not by the will of the flesh or of the will of man, but of the will of God, whose children they all are alike ; when he feels it impossible and absurd, and a practical denial of the very name of brotherhood, to fraternize with one class and not with another,— to fraternize with his friends, and not with his enemies ; as absurd as it would be in him, if from private prejudice he called only one of his mother's sons his brother, and denied his eternal and God-given relations with all the rest. And this divine brotherhood, which is real and actual, and independent of all class or party, or opinion, or private liking, I say the church proclaims as a fact, and pronounces the wrath of God against those who break it, and proclaims it as nothing else does.

For, remember again, my friends, as I have said to you al-

ready, if you wish to know what the message of the church really is, you must put out of your heads what the clergy of this particular time or of any other particular time may happen to say it is. You must judge of the church by her idea and by her essence, and not merely by the accidents or the diseases of part of her. If you were to be asked what an oak was, you would not examine, in order to give your answer, its cankers and galls and scurf and moss: you would look at what it was in health, at what all oaks had in common,—the peculiar form of stem and branch and leaf and fruit which made it an oak, independent of and in spite of any temporary accident or disease. Do so with the church.

The church, our forefathers taught us to say, is a company of faithful men, wherein God's word is preached, and his sacraments duly administered. These constitute the root and essence of a church. Let the clergy for the time being, or the laity either, be what they will, ay, let them be what they will; let them be as tyrannical, luxurious, bigoted, ignorant, careless as they may, those three great God-given facts — the Bible, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord — will witness against them, and witness for the people. Though man may hold his peace, yet God will speak. Though man may forget the meaning of the very signs which God has preserved to him, yet to the poor there will be always in the church a message from their heavenly Father, in the Bible, which proclaims man's freedom; in Baptism, which proclaims his equality; in the Supper of the Lord, which proclaims his brotherhood; and those, not as dim and distant possibilities, for which he is to crave and struggle of his own self-will, but as his absolute and eternal right, which God the Father has given him, which God the Son has bought for him with his blood, and which God the Holy Spirit will give him strength and wisdom to take possession of and realize, whosoever he casts himself humbly and loyally under the guidance of the God who made him.

I say that these three things, which exist, and always have existed, in the Christian Church, have borne witness, and do bear witness, for the many against the few, in a way in which nothing of man's invention could bear witness. I say that they declare that men are free, equal, brothers. I say that they taught *me* so. I say that they proclaim that every man or king who tries

to enslave men, to be partial and unjust to one class or person, to cause division among the human brotherhood, contrary to the will and law of God, is accursed. These bear witness against all false priests, false teachers, false rulers. These have recalled in every age, and will recall in this age, as I trust in God, both laity and clergy to the example of Him who died on the cross, who came to give healing to the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord, who counted not his own life dear to him, but gave it freely for those who hated him; who spent his life in healing sickness, in enlightening the blinded mind as well as the blinded body; who told men, for the first time those words had ever been heard on earth, that they should call no man master on earth, for one was their Master, even God; one was their Father, even God; and they were all brothers; whose prayer for them, the night before his crucifixion, was that mankind might be all one—one in him, even as he was one with God the Father. Consider those three things, my friends; consider them as they stand now in England here, and see whether any witness for freedom, equality, and brotherhood which man can invent, bears the deep witness for them which they bear. The Bible is the right of the poorest man, as well as of the richest,—of the simplest, as well as of the most educated; and of whom does the Bible tell him? Of a Divine Lord, in whose image man was created,—a being all purity, all love, all patience, all wisdom, all power, from the earliest ages,—the light who lightens every man who comes into the world, who emancipated and civilized into a great nation a horde of injured slaves, that they might bear witness, through all time, of his existence, of his love, and of his justice; who raised up, from the lowest ranks of that nation, prophets to rebuke the luxurious and the tyrannical, to proclaim his righteous wrath and fury against the devourers of the earth; who, in his boundless love and mercy, condescended to take upon himself human flesh, and be called the son of a carpenter, and toiled and suffered, houseless and despised, among the poor, the sick, the ignorant, the neglected; who gave himself up, for the sake of mankind, to utter shame and agony, and the death of the felon and the slave; who wrestled with death itself, the foe alike of rich and poor, and tried its might, and conquered it,

and rose again to proclaim that beyond the grave there was an eternity of endless justice, love, and light, for those who had known in this world only darkness, neglect, and cruelty; and that he, the tender, the long-suffering, the foe of the scribe and the pharisee, the friend of the harlot and the sinner, — that to him all power was given in heaven and earth; that the human race was henceforth under his care; that he was their guide, their teacher, their avenger; that the day would come upon this earth when all the wildest dreams of poets and of seers should be out-rivalled by the blessed reality of the new earth, wherein should dwell righteousness, of which the Lord God, and he, the Lamb of God, should be the Light; when the nations of the world should become the nations of God and of his Christ, and there should be no more pain or death, no more tyranny or misrule, no more lust or intemperance, no more devouring struggle of man against man, or nation against nation; no more weary widows or pining orphans; no more hard-handed drudges, wearying themselves in the fire for very vanity; no more idolatry or priestcraft to stand between the free soul of man and the God who made him, but that mankind should see God face to face, when he himself would wipe away tears from all eyes.

Is not that a gospel, — a good news to the poor? What cunning or darkness of man's invention can darken the everlasting hope and assurance of the suffering poor, as long as the book which preaches to them that good news is in their hands?

Look again at Baptism, — a sacrament or sign; and *what a sign!* Thoughtless men have sneered at it from its simplicity, and laughed at the church for attributing, as they say, miraculous virtues to the sprinkling of a little water, as if the very simplicity of the sign was not in itself a gospel, that is, good news to the poor; proclaiming that baptism is the witness of a blessing not meant merely for the high-born or the philosopher or the genius, but, like the rain of heaven and the running brook, free to all, even to the poorest and to the most degraded: his right, as water is, simply because he is a human being. Baptism works no miracle: it proclaims a miracle which has been from all eternity. It proclaims that we are members of Christ, children of God, citizens of a spiritual kingdom, — that is, of a kingdom of love, justice, self-sacrifice, freedom, equality. Those spiritual laws, says Baptism, are the true ground and constitution of all human

society, and not rank, force, wealth, expediency, or any outward material ground whatsoever; not they, but the kingdom of God whose name is Love and Righteousness, which if any nation or society of men seek first, all other outward and material blessings of health, wealth, and civilization, will be surely added to them, because they will be working in harmony with the laws of Him who made the world of matter, as well as the laws of spirit. To take a single instance of what I mean, what is the plain and simple meaning of the baptismal sign but washing, purification, and that alike of the child of the queen and the child of the beggar? It testifies of the right of each, because the will of God for each is, that they should be pure. And what better witness do you want, my working friends, against that vile neglect which allows tens of thousands in our great cities to grow up hogs in body, soul, and spirit? If we really believe the meaning of that baptismal sign, we should need few further arguments in favor of sanitary reform; for every savage in St. Giles's would feel that he had a right to say, God's will is that my children should be pure-washed without and within from every thing that defiles and degrades man; my child is God's child—God's spirit is with it. It is the temple of the living God; and whosoever defiles the temple of God, him will God destroy. God has promised to purify its spirit: how dare you interfere with God's work? God's will is, that its whole body, soul, and spirit should be preserved blameless, and grow up to the full stature of a noble manhood. How dare you stand in the way of the will of God towards even one of the meanest of his creatures? How dare you, in your sectarian jealousy, your dread of that light which after all comes down from God, who is the Father of light,—how dare you, I say, refuse to allow his mind to be purified by education? How dare you, for the sake of your own private creed or party chicaneries, refuse to allow his body such purity as God has not denied even to the wild beast in his native forest? How dare you, in the face of that baptismal sign of the sprinkled water, keep God's children exposed to filth, brutality, and temptation, which fester in your courts and alleys, making cleanliness impossible—drunkenness all but excusable—prostitution all but natural—self-respect and decency unknown? Again, my working friends, I speak the truth of God. In that font is a witness for education and for sanitary reform, which will conquer with the

might of an archangel, when every other argument has failed to prove that the masses are, after all, not mere machines and hands to be used up in the production of a wealth of which they never taste, when their numbers are, as far as possible, kept down by economical and prudent rulers to the market demand for—members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.

And what, my friends, is the message of the Lord's Supper? What more distinct sign and pledge that all men are equal? Wherever in the world there may be inequality, it ceases there. One table, one reverential posture, one bread, one wine, for high and low, for wise and foolish. That sacrament proclaims that all alike are brothers of each other, because they are all alike brothers of one,—and he the son of a village-maiden. That sacrament proclaims that all are equally his debtors,—all equally in need of the pardon which he has bought for them; and that that pardon is equally ready and free to all of them. That sacrament proclaims that they all equally draw from him their life, their health, their every strength, and faculty of body, mind, and heart; all, therefore, equally bound to live for him, and therefore for those whom he loved, for whom he labored, for whom he died,—for whom he lives and reigns for ever,—whose every suffering and oppression and neglect he will avenge to the uttermost in the day of his wrath,—in a word, for the people. That sacrament has told me, "Men are thy brothers still. God has made them so; and thou canst not unmake it." O my dear friends! if the heartfelt experience of one man can bring home to your minds the power of that blessed sign, hear me, this night, and believe me when I tell you, in the hearing of God the Father, and Jesus Christ the poor man, that to that blessed sacrament and pledge of brotherhood I at least owe all the little lukewarm love for the people which I do trust and hope I feel. When I have been proud, it has humbled me, and said to me, "These toilsome laborers and stunted drudges are as great in God's sight, greater, for aught thou knowest, than thou." When I have been selfishly superstitious, it has said to me, "Think thou not of thyself alone, in the presence of the Father of all, whose mercy is over all his works. Thou must worship with thy brothers; thou must claim teaching, light, life, only as a member of a body, or thou shalt have none of it." When I have been inclined to

enjoy myself at ease, and let the world run past me, heedless of its moans, Sunday after Sunday has that beloved sacrament rebuked me, and seemed to say to me with the voice of the poor man of Nazareth himself: "Look, what God would have these poor creatures be, and look what they are! Art thou not living in a lie; fighting against Him whom thou professest to serve, if thou dost not devote thy every energy to give them those blessings of the kingdom of God of which they here have claimed their share, — to educate, civilize, deliver them, in body, mind, and heart?" When I have been inclined to take offence at people because they disagreed with me, — because they seemed ungrateful or unjust to me, — then, beyond all arguments, that blessed sign has recalled me to my senses, and said to me: "See, these men with whom thou art angry *are* thy brothers after all! Their relation to thee is God-given and eternal. Thou didst not choose them; thou didst not join thyself to them. God chose them; God joined thee to them; and thou canst not alter his choice; thou canst not part thyself from them. Hate them, and turn from them, if thou darest!"

Above all, when I have been inclined to give in to that subtlest of all temptations, — the notion that one gospel is required for the man of letters, and another for the laboring drudge, that he may pamper and glorify himself on art and science, and the higher and more delicate subjects of thought, while for the poor man a little reading and writing, and religion, is enough and to spare, — then, again, that sacrament has warned me: "Not so; one bread, one wine, for thee and them. One Lord, one pardon, one fountain of life, one guiding and inspiring spirit. They have not only the same rights, but the same spiritual wealth in them. If thou hast been put into circumstances in which thou canst use thy gifts more freely than they can theirs, why is it but that thou mayest share thy superfluity with their need, — that thou mayest teach them, guide them, nourish up into flower and greet the heaven-given seed of nobleness which lies in them as surely as in thee? For, after all, as that bread and that wine proclaim to thee, thou hast nothing of thine own, — wit, scholarship, utterance, — what hast thou which thou didst not receive? Fool! instead of priding thyself on it as thine own property, confess it to be that which it is, — the gift of God, who hath only bestowed it on thee as his steward, to give it freely to all, as he hath given freely to thee."

O my friends ! I speak the truth — God is my witness I speak the truth — when I tell you that these thoughts are not matters of doctrine, but of experience. There is one man at least in this church now who has been awakened from the selfish and luxurious dreams of his youth, by that message of the Bible and of the sacraments, to see the dignity of the people's cause ; to feel it at once the most peremptory of duties, and the most glorious of privileges, to proclaim, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, the message of the church of Christ, — That the will of God is, good news to the poor, deliverance to the captives, healing to the broken-hearted, light to the ignorant, liberty to the crushed, and to the degraded masses the acceptable year of the Lord, — a share and a stake for them, and for their children after them, in the soil, the wealth, the civilization, and the government of this English land.

L I N E S.

My heart is like a little bird,
Encaged by cares, and moping sore ;
Its voice of music 's never heard,
For constant watching of the door.

Could some kind, disciplining hand,
Put out these over-anxious eyes
My nightingale would trusting stand,
Singing by faith, until she dies.

C. H. A. D.

TORONTO, Sept. 28, 1851.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Toronto, Canada, Dec. 26, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— It is impossible to keep one's thoughts from turning homeward at this season of general festivity. More beautiful than sunlight is the clear radiance which the Christmas morning sheds over the earth, and bright and glorious seem the plainest human faces under its warm glow. All nature and all art are transfigured; and the roof of a Roman Catholic cathedral, or the dusty aisles of a Methodist chapel, shimmer and lighten beneath it, like the distant hill-tops and the fir-tipped forests of the West. Woods and hills are charms which Toronto cannot boast; and very thankful I feel, when, after walking two or three miles, I come upon the banks of an old ravine, and see something which at this season a New England boy would call a "good coast." Flat as it seems, however,* the land upon which our city is built really rises about sixty feet as it recedes from the lake; and there is, in consequence, a chance for thorough drainage, and one pleasure in store, of which a fastidious traveller might think we had long ago resigned all hope. Beautiful steeples upon stone churches lift themselves up all over Toronto; and fine buildings belonging to the Insane Asylum, the New Jail, the Market, and Osgoode Hall, are plainly seen as you approach it from the lake. As a place of residence, it shares the privileges and the penalties of a young city. There are pleasant people here and there, but no organized society. There are a few intelligent and thoroughly educated persons, attending to various professional duties in the neighborhood, such as the accomplished superintendent of the Royal Observatory; but there is no sustained literary or scientific interest, nor, so far as I can perceive, any nucleus for any. A sense of caste does a great deal to prevent the free intercourse of persons having similar tastes and aspirations, and sectarian bigotry does far more. A love of almsgiving, I think, I see, in full proportion to the wealth of the English and Scotch churches; but a spirit of enlightened philanthropy is yet to be aroused. It is of later growth, — perhaps in every community, the last off-shoot of the Christian stock.

To one who has been travelling up the St. Lawrence in the hot

season, fresh from the continental strangeness of Quebec and Montreal, Toronto may offer a friendly aspect, and seem almost devoid of peculiarities; but come and live in it, if you would see how great a change in manners a broad lake may shut out from your view. This is the place where gentlemen-candidates, whom you never saw, come to your house to solicit your votes; where members of Parliament float into office on the whiskey they furnish to the lower classes; where all the jokes are imported from Yankee-land, and all the judges and teachers of the people from the mother country. Here have I seen soft-seed cakes, and anomalous buns with sugar-plums baked into them, and Windsor beans an inch long, that required peeling like a potato; and here have I missed the simple and refreshing vegetables which diversify our summer market, and that excellent discrimination in cooking which is beginning, only of late, as I confess, to distinguish above all others a Boston table. Very funny do the wagons, the state-coaches, the wheelbarrows, and the people look to uninitiated eyes; just as if they had sprung out of Charles Lamb's nursery-books in Threadneedle-street, where they were faithfully engraved long years ago. The wagon weighs more than any load it will ever carry. The state-coach is raised so high in air, that you look at my lady's veil as if it were a banner. The sides of the wheelbarrow set on at an obtuse angle, and you are all the time wondering why it does not yield to its manifest temptation, and spill over at once. The laborer's spade is twice as large as ours; and the people wear large plaids, bright colors, and, as a general thing, dress the very farthest from the French style which we adopt. The children wear the broad belts and buckles and short waists with which they were represented in the old editions of Mother Goose. Now and then, you see one dressed like a Highlander, or in purple velvet, with a cap and plume, and such a wealth of lace as we never dream of. Infants of two years are often seen in the very deepest mourning; and in some high-born children here, I have seen a beauty of feature, most involuntary testimony to the fineness of the blood which had been running in the ancestral veins for ages, and which I never saw approached in the States. You might have seen the same thing in that descendant of the royal Bruce, who visited you as our Governor-General, last summer.

This week you should see our market. As for evergreen, you would see more in the length of one street in Boston than you

could find in all the churches of episcopal Toronto. I hoped to see the stalls decorated with it; but I was disappointed. I fear the butchers think it is too common for their purpose. Out at the door-posts hung, instead, fat Christmas beef at twenty-five cents a pound; rabbits, deer, and prize-sheep with bronzed head and horns. The skin of the beef was scarified in pretty figures. Immense masses of suet were trimmed with artificial flowers, cockades, and bright-colored ribbons. Some meat was covered with the caul, scientifically arranged. Some was trimmed with ornaments drawn in melted fat. A good deal of skill had been shown in drawing and painting some of the figures on the meat. I saw a barn-yard scene, with several cows, prettily painted on the back of a fat ox. On the backs of the sheep, cut through the fat into the red meat, were several mottoes,—“God save the Queen” and “Bless the People;” while one fat fellow, with gilded head and horns, tried in vain not to look sheepish under the words, “Love, Purity, and Fidelity.”

I have never felt the distance from Boston so great as on the 5th of November, when I attended the Convocation of the University here, which corresponds to our Cambridge Commencement. No person can value forms, well carried out, and faithful to the spirit, more than I do. They satisfy a want of many a nature, which, in spite of a great unwillingness to keep within false conventions, feels at home in a region of legitimate ceremony. How much less respectable seems the institution about which vain and childish forms cluster, than if it were stripped bare! The University has been endowed by the Government; and the two buildings already erected stand in the midst of an hundred and sixty acres, well laid out, some twenty years ago, in lawn and drive, and forming one of the greatest attractions of the city. It has, as yet, no Hall suited to the exercises of the Convocation; and they were held in that occupied, during the period of session, by the Legislative Assembly. The show was not so great as usual, because the Chancellor, corresponding in some sort to our President, was sick, and Lord Elgin absent. The professors and officers of the University entered in procession, followed by the students. The former did not arrange themselves in an imposing semicircle, but scattered over the platform, as if engaged in ordinary business, sitting at tables or desks. They wore such extraordinary caps, and garments of so many colors, that I am at this moment in

doubt whether they really express the number of degrees, and the positive rank they had attained, or whether the long orange cloak and black velvet sleeves of one of the officials was not borrowed, to add to the display, from an Orange procession, at which he had assisted a week or two before. There were degrees to be bestowed, and medals to be awarded. How much finer seems the puritan simplicity of dear old Harvard, since I have witnessed this nonsensical array! The candidates for degrees approached the stage, and, passing from one table to another, underwent a mock examination, which was superlatively ridiculous, before each of the Faculty. Having been approved and smiled upon by all, they knelt, one by one, before the Pro-Vice-Chancellor; and an attendant at his side put over their necks the badge of the degree, and quickly drew it off again. They then went out by a side-door to be invested with their own badges, and so returned to their seats. When the medals were awarded, the most extravagant praise was given to the defeated competitors. They were repeatedly told they had done more than would have been required at Oxford or Cambridge; and, on two occasions, the examining professors declared they had been obliged to sit up all night to decide between two. In the whole affair, the most degrading subserviency was evident. I felt sure that no Yankee boy, of ordinary self-respect, could have borne such addresses from his superiors as these. One young man took a medal for metaphysics; and, while the professor hung it round his neck, he warned him against it as a dangerous study. After the honors were bestowed, several of the pupils read themes from their notes. These themes may have been very tolerable; but they were so badly read, and the readers manifested so much timidity, hanging their heads upon their chests, and swallowing their words, that it was impossible to tell whether they spoke French or English, prose or verse. I should hardly have recognized the Latin and Greek. It was uncouth in pronunciation, and seemed to me unscholarly in every respect. The exercises began and ended without prayer, though there were several clergymen upon the platform. It ought, however, to be stated, to the credit of the institution, that it has been making a noble effort to sustain itself as unsectarian, through which it has gained for itself the pleasant soubriquet of the "godless University," and the determined opposition of the bishop and his churchmen.

I know not whether these matters will interest you; but they ought; because, attentively considered, they indicate the "spirit and the flesh" against which our little society has to struggle. Our people here interest me deeply. Few of them are Canadians. Most of them were born in England, Ireland, or Scotland; and, strange as it may seem to a New Englander, with the Irish members we involuntarily associate deep refinement, wide generosity, and *quick intelligence*. Our little band is composed of those who know whereof they affirm. Through hard study, and serious experience of life, through some martyrdom even, for the sake of the faith, they have arrived at their present convictions. They may be depended upon. Our morning congregation has nearly doubled since I came on in May. Of course, I cannot say the same of our efficient support; but we hope that this will grow out of the increase. The past season has been one of some trial to the society, as the removal of the seat of Government to Quebec has taken away several efficient and interested members. In spite of this, the church is fuller. Since last March, fourteen children and one adult have been dedicated to God at our little altar; quite as many as in the previous four years. Two very interesting Communion-services have been held since I came; and our hearts have been cheered by the establishment of the Rev. Mr. Hoag, of Meadville, at Oskawa, in charge of the Christian society there. I like Mr. Hoag very much. For so young a man, he seems unusually wise and self-reliant. Should he live, he will make himself felt in his denomination. We heard last summer, that there was a group of Scotch Unitarians, named Calder, within twelve miles of Hamilton; and my husband intended to go up there, and hold a service. This, however, proved impossible; and, when we were about to hold our second Communion-service in October, he sent them word. As we heard nothing in return, I was somewhat surprised, one Saturday afternoon, to find my parlor filled with a deputation of fifteen from Hamilton. These people charmed me. They had kept the simplicity of the Scotch Covenanters. They were as serious and devout; and, all the time I looked at them, I heard the low music of Christopher North's periods, and thoughts of Lilian and her old grandparents floated through my brain. Listen, then, while I tell you about them.

The old Calders lived within eighteen miles of Glasgow, in Lanarkshire. They belonged to the kirk, but seceded when some

Unitarian missionaries were sent down into that neighborhood in 1823. The seceders were so poor that they could not hire a clergyman, so the missionary was sent every other Sunday; and, the remainder of the time, the father of this family held lay services. Twice a year, Mr. Harris came from Glasgow to administer the Communion; and, on one occasion, the Calders walked to Glasgow, with an infant in their arms, which they desired him to baptize. But he would not; he believed only in the baptism of adults; and the little Archy was carried home again by his patient, loving parents. They came out here ten years ago; at first, hiring a place in the neighborhood of Toronto, where they lived while the boys "speered about them." This done, they went to the neighborhood of Hamilton, and the seven stalwart sons bought each a farm, and settled down to raise wheat and hay. And now, seated in my little parlor, behold the old grandmother, five sons with their wives, and four children of all ages under five, busily munching such cakes and apples as I could find to keep them quiet. I felt awed as I looked round upon them. It was now late in the afternoon. They had risen at three in the morning, and had been five hours in making twelve miles of rough corduroy road. Then they took the boat for Toronto; and here they were, with their tired children, looking so patient and devout! It was not a Yankee scene. Every countenance settled into quiet trust, as my husband made one inquiry after another; and, looking from face to face, I saw no harsh scepticism, no eager inquisitiveness. The tears came into my very soul, as I felt how few of our people would have made this sacrifice, have taken all this trouble, to attend a single Communion-service. And then, at church the next day! We gave up to them the two large square pews next the altar. They were there before the time; for a religious service was a serious event to them. As the congregation assembled, it seemed to feel the weight of their devoutness; and an almost perceptible spirit of prayer brooded over the place, when the four families came forward, and offered each the lamb of their flock. How the long white robe swept the altar-rail! How the older children shook the sacred drops from their new mantles as they fell! Then came the morning service, breathlessly attended; and, before the Communion, Archibald Calder, who, with his wife, had dedicated his little one in the long snowy robe but an hour since, knelt before the altar to be baptized.

In truth, he whom the "elders rejected had now become the head of the corner;" for no infant-baptism ever moved me like the voluntary prostration of his manly frame. When my husband's hand rested for a moment among his thick curls, I felt that no line of beauty could be more radiant than that in which his head was bowed. The service went on undisturbed, in spite of its length; for the sacredness of the scene seemed to impress itself upon the children, until the thirsty boy cried for the wine in the Communion-cup; and the old grandmother, thoughtfully provided with some "crumb of comfort," took him reverently and quietly down the aisle. For some weeks after this scene, I felt the influence of it upon my daily life. Our people were all touched by it, and several of them proffered their hospitality to the worshippers. To these last, the whole service was so vital a matter, that it seemed as if it could never again be a matter of indifference to any one of us. The very altar was more sacred for the faithful, waiting hearts that had bowed before it.

C. W. H. D.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

It has been urged, as a grave objection to the teachings of Jesus Christ, that he has given no definition of religion. Some German philosophers, and their imitators in England and America, have endeavored to supply the deficiency; and accordingly we have the following as their definitions: —

The tendency of the human mind to the infinite.

A feeling of the infinite.

Absorption in the divine.

The innermost point of human consciousness.

The development of the divine in man.

The fluidity of the soul, tending toward the infinite.

The recognition of a subjective divinity.

The harmony of the subjective with the objective.

The correspondence of the finite concrete to the infinite abstract.

The adjustment of the contingent to the absolute.

Had the Saviour accustomed himself to the statement and the discussion of such propositions, would the "common people have heard him gladly"? If he did not define, he certainly described it so as to make it intelligible. He was understood. — *Selected.*

A DISCIPLE'S PETITION.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

WHEN earth-born care around me flings
 The chain that presses heavily,
 And drooping lie my spirit-wings,
 Dear Saviour, let me turn to thee !

When sorrow comes, with tearful eye,
 To lay her heavy cross on me,
 And, sinking, for relief I cry, —
 Dear Saviour, let me lean on thee !

And when in bitterness I turn
 Away from human sympathy,
 Thee, through the clouds, may I discern,
 Dear Saviour, and confide in thee !

And when the sins of many years
 Roll o'er me like a troubled sea,
 Dear Saviour, through repentant tears,
 Still let me raise my eyes to thee !

When, trembling, I approach the tomb,
 And promised glories dimly see,
 In the dark valley's chilling gloom,
 Dear Saviour, let me cling to thee !

Oh ! whisper that I am forgiven,
 Sinful, unworthy, though I be ;
 And 'neath the Father's smile in heaven,
 Dear Saviour, let me dwell with thee !

RESULT OF THE "NEW BEGINNING."

AND here I am looking upon the unspotted leaf of my note-book for 18—. My "new beginning" has had some serious drawbacks; and, after all, I am a little disappointed, although not as conscience-stricken as formerly; for now I feel I am in the path of duty. I once supposed this would be an easy, because a safe one; but so much of my past deviation gives a coloring to the present, that it abridges much of the true pleasure I should otherwise derive.

The New Year did not open as auspiciously as I could have wished. "The compliments of the season" were more sparingly bestowed; those gay young friends, who once thronged about our threshold, were missing. I could not help divining the cause. Since I had changed our style of living, and had become more domestic than was my previous habit, they have almost entirely quit me. I am sure I have no hankering after "butterfly gossips," yet my pride sometimes makes me wish we were able to branch out a little more in elegant comforts. It *did* harrow up my sensitiveness to witness this dropping off, just in the beginning of my good resolutions; but Mrs. Fielding understood me when she remarked, "Those friends who bask in our sunshine, but are missing in winter, are worth little more than the migratory birds, who emigrate every season; but, whether here or there, they do nothing save *chatter* over the same notes: whereas those whose society we should truly prize, and seek to retain, are those whom no season repels, and no change of fortune causes to fluctuate."

Upon New Year's evening, however, we were invited to a small social gathering. Determined to be consistent in my new course, I did the duty nearest me first. Little Teddy sang her lullaby hymn, and was put into her cradle, while I provided the housekeeper a pleasant book to read, and gave it her as a present suited to the season. I had thus adjusted all my domestic arrangements; but, oh dear! when one first begins to economize, how hard it is to attend to all the minutiae which make up the amount!

There was my solar lamp left burning in the parlor; I ought

to have put it out before starting, as the housekeeper stayed in the nursery. Then there were my cakes for breakfast; I ought to have put them to rise before going out; but a novice in house-keeping must be forgiven for making many blunders.

I remarked it was only a social gathering to which we were invited; indeed, I have given up large parties; and so I went in the early evening alone. It was nearly nine o'clock before my husband entered; and, as I cast my eye upon his countenance, my first glance told me that something preyed upon his spirits. It did not wear off, as the hilarity about him increased; there were only forced smiles, and an absence and taciturnity, which were more than usually apparent. Of course, this affected me. I longed for the time when I could be put in possession of this new vexation. How fast my thoughts hurried over a variety of causes, which might produce this state of mind! Perhaps one of the firm was offended; or there was a difficulty in procuring a loan; or some unpaid bills might prove a vexation; or he was sick, and suppressed the fact, for he looked deadly pale. But my imaginings all fell short of the reality. As we were returning home, "Matty," said he, "we are exceedingly perplexed in our financial matters. Our firm have been talking over this state of things, and we feel that a failure is inevitable in the future, and I recommend that it take place now. To tell you the truth, there is nothing so harassing as money-borrowing. This has been my employment for months; and it has taken all the vigor of a man out of me. My pride terribly revolts at failure; but as *you* have commenced a new course, why should *I* dread to pass through bankruptcy, if my honor is untarnished, and inevitable events have brought me to it?"

Mr. and Mrs. Green were sitting alone in their back-parlor. Life now wore to them a very serious aspect. There was an undefined sense of the result of failure, something analogous to ruin. It seemed to crush their hearts, and they wept bitterly in the prospect. "If we only had money enough to satisfy our creditors, how happy should I be!" murmured the husband. "It seems to me I should rather submit to any deprivation than loss of property. It will so blanch my cheek, and make the blood curdle in my veins, to meet creditors in my daily walks; to be heralded in newspapers as going through the ordeal of bankruptcy: it seems as if I never should rise and be manly again."

Most soothingly did his wife confer with him on this subject. "If the trial is inevitable, then meet it," said she, "as a Christian. Come," said she, "join me, husband, in singing—

'Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed.'"

And those tremulous voices, thus imploring succor, were doubtless re-echoed by some attendant angel, who sent a sweet peace through their souls. Yet it was a transient night, and a sorrowful morning dawned upon the failed merchant. The next day he was sick, so that medical aid was required. A brain-fever ensued, and long and anxious were the vigils which that wife kept the first week in the New Year. Yet was not this a cloud portentous of blessing? We will once more follow the "record" of Mrs. Green's note-book for

January 8. — The physician pronounces Mr. Green this day convalescent, provided perfect quiet is maintained. What an experience I have known for the last few days! Well, I needed it. Did we not both feel as if a relief from pecuniary embarrassment would confer perfect happiness upon us? God ordained that we should better prize his common blessings. What would that relief have done for my happiness, had he but removed the partner of my life? How much dearer to me is the struggle with all earthly ills, when attended by him, than a state of affluence bereft of such sympathy as we bestow upon each other! Then there is Teddy. What is loss of property, compared with being in possession of so dear a treasure, who can prattle and beguile those hours when we should meditate on human ills? My friends come to me, and inquire how it is I am thus supported amidst so much watching and anxious solicitude. True, it is very different from my former life, when the nights were given to great hilarity, when the merry dance was enjoyed, and a continual succession of sweetmeats and confectionary clogged my stomach, and made me fevered and sick the following day. But has not my labor *now* had an end and a purpose worth pursuing? Have I not nerved up my spirits, and abstemiously observed the laws of health, that I might not flag in service? Once, this life would have been to me a perfect riddle; yet, with all my past discouragements and weighty trials, there is a kind of inward support in thus obeying the dictates of duty, which I would not exchange for that frivolous pleasure-seeking I once knew.

Jan. 12. — Mr. Green has so far recovered as to-day to have held a consultation with the firm in his chamber. They are men full of sympathy, and I do believe mean to pursue an honorable course: they are determined to keep no effects back, but to lay all liabilities fairly open, that an amicable adjustment may take place. Mr. Green says he now feels like a new man: the heavy load of debt is thrown off legally; and — would you believe it? — he has already had the office of bookkeeper tendered to him by an old tried friend, who generously offers him a thousand dollars' salary. My spirits are all revived. I trust we are grateful to the Giver of all these mercies.

February. — To-day my husband entered upon his new duties. I know he does so with a renewed state of heart. We have set up a family altar, and upon it we cast all our burdens and all our hopes. The world to me seems entirely changed. I trust I have no envy, and feel no jealousy lest I am misplaced in my lot. There is still a great work for me to do. I do not by any means feel that I can relinquish my watchfulness. So many besetting sins are around me and within me, — the temptation to sluggishness, to conformity, to again set up worldly idols, that I must energetically combat a host, or I may falter and fall. Still, all my plans work admirably in domestic economy. Our housekeeper has become a *boarder* now. She has a small pittance; and, as her health was failing, I felt I could do the united labors of both. Still, she relieves me greatly in the care of Teddy; taking her daily to walk, and showing me a thousand kindnesses when my friends visit me socially. And do you know what a schemer I have become? I am intending to lay by some hundreds out of Mr. Green's salary. It is astonishing how we have curtailed expenses, without losing one iota of comfort. Mr. Green chides me about becoming selfish; but I only call it a laudable endeavor to provide for future exigencies; and what I can thus save from my wardrobe and foolish embellishments, which only minister to my pride, I conceive to be lawful and commendable. And now what a charming picture of domestic comfort do we exhibit! We have relinquished all our showy, tawdry furniture; we dress plainly, but well; I have become quite an adept in plain cooking. We, therefore, enjoy most remarkably good health, and a great tide of spirits seems naturally to flow forth. My time is every moment occupied; yet I have so systematized all my labors, that

no avocation clashes with its neighbor. Truly, I can add, I never before was so happy. So my trials have all been only disguised blessings. I ought to thank God they were sent upon me.

H. S. E.

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

How peacefully they rest,
Cross folded there
Upon his little breast,
Those tiny hands that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore !
Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm ;
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
To bless him with their holy calm ;
Sweet thoughts, that left her eyes as sweet.
How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands !
But that they do not rise and sink
With his calm breathing, I should think
That he were dropped asleep ;
Alas ! too deep, too deep,
Is this his slumber !
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again.

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreary eyes, watching the ripples play,
Listening their fairy chime ;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale ;
He did but float a little way,
And putting to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more :
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel ;

A strip of silver sand
 Mingled the waters with the land,
 Where he was seen no more ;
 Oh ! stern word, never more !

Full short his journey was ; no dust
 Of earth unto his sandals clave ;
 The weary weight that old men must,
 He bore not to the grave :
 He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
 And wandered hither ; so his stay
 With us was short, and 'twas most meet
 That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet,
 To stand before his God.

Selected.

THE JEW AND THE CATHOLIC.

A YOUNG Jew, nephew of the representative on the left, wished to be married, some weeks since, to a young girl of the Catholic religion. The young lady applied to her pastor, who said he could not bless the marriage of a Jew. The pastor referred her to the Archbishop of Paris, who referred her to the court of Rome. The Pope refused to authorize the marriage. Then they turned to the other side. For want of a Catholic blessing on their marriage, the lady consented to receive that of the Jew.

They applied to the Grand Rabbi; but he was not less exclusive than the Pope, and refused to bless the marriage of a Catholic. The Pope refused to bless the Jew; the Rabbi refused to marry the Christian; the young people were either prevented from marrying, or were to be married without a benediction. Then the representative we spoke of, the uncle of the bridegroom, advised them, as a last resource, to address themselves to one of his colleagues, a Protestant pastor, M. Coquerel. M. Coquerel replied that he never refused to bless any one; that he had in his heart prayers for the whole world, and above all for those who wished for them.

So the young people were married; and those who witnessed the ceremony must honor this religion more than the others. A Jew and a Catholic blessed by a Protestant minister! — *Translated from "L'Avenir du Peuple," by E. B. L.*

THREE CHAPTERS OF A NEW BOOK.

[We are glad to apprise our readers, that a new work, by Rev. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, is nearly ready for the press, and, with his kind permission, to give them an antepast of the rich pleasure in reserve.]

THE Past! the Past! There is no going back to it. There is a gate fast shut against us; and through that gate we can see and hear, but we cannot return. At that gate had Martin May sat mournfully for many months, looking back on scenes which day after day seemed farther off, and listening to kind voices. And among these voices was one so tender and solemn, that often with hearing it he would weep, and bow his head upon his hands in anguish. But, one day, it seemed to him that this voice echoed some of the very words he had heard from the minister on the sabbath: "Is it the highest love we feel,—love from the innermost, sacred recesses of the heart, when we grow weak with it, and not strong?" And he said to himself: "I am wrong. I must change. I must be the better for the good which has been, and not the worse." But still the present was distasteful to him, and the future was repugnant to think of.

The Past! the Past! Oh! how it reaches after us, with a thousand hands, from Jerusalem and Rome, from old Saxon times, and from out of Norman castles, from out of ancient pulpits and tombs, and from every place wherever men have lived and died!—hands, many of them stretched after us to bless us, some of them by making above us the sign of the cross, and some of them by letting our fevered spirits feel the coolness of their touch, and some of them by pointing us to a walk in life, humble and quiet, and with God in sight.

The Past! the Past! Oh! how grateful to walk in are its long shadows, for a man who has been smitten by the heat of the noonday of life!

As a shadow from the heat,—it was for this reason that Martin May began to feel an interest in the antiquities of his neighborhood, though he himself thought he was fond of them for the sake merely of the exercise to which they drew him in walking and riding. And gradually, as his gloom passed away,

he noticed, not without some astonishment, a new tendency in his mind to humor. Not that he had any pleasure in it, but that it was so he felt! And he thought he understood how it was, in other ages, that artists should have decorated churches with sculptured satires and grotesque carvings,—being themselves all the while men of earnestness and reverence and holiness.

He made journeys to ancient ruins; he sought out old relics; he became curious in the history of provincial words; he would sit and listen to rustic traditions; he felt an interest in the superstitions of the peasantry, and their old customs; and, for the time, he agreed with Plautus, that they are wise who have a regard for ancient stories.

The next morning after the preceding conversation, Martin May rode on the outside of the stage to Drayton, which is seven miles from Thorpe. He wanted to see the church there. "You will come upon it," said the coachman, "up that lane, just over the brow of the hill, and fifty yards beyond the stocks."

It was a long, low church, hidden in a dense mass of yew-trees. All round, the churchyard was thick set with yews, with only one narrow opening through them for a gate. For five hundred years and more, must those trees have stood about the yard, thick, dark, and solemn. And inside them stood the church,—mysterious, and looking as though there were lingering about it the shadows of centuries, that were not yet quite over.

As it happened, the church was open. And, at the low doorway, Martin May stooped, and went in. In it every thing looked so ancient,—the benches for the poor; the carved pews for the rich; and the pulpit for the clergyman, with an inscription round it, in great gilt letters, denoting it to have been the gift of Dame Dorothy Twitcherd, more than two centuries ago. In the windows of stained glass were figures of the apostles. But of all of them the heads had been broken out, and the holes been filled in with plain glass. On the opposite side of the chancel from the pulpit, stood the font of stone, with a stone lid over it, suspended by a long rusty chain from the ceiling. Round the font, outside it, by some Catholic artist, were grotesque carvings of devils in trouble, from the holy water inside,—one devil falling head over heels; another grinning up at the spectator; another catching at a child, and missing it; and another, in his rage, eating his own

tail. In the chancel were numerous tablets to the Purefoys, a family which seemed to have been extinct for a century.

In one corner of the church, near the chancel, was a recumbent statue of Sir Humphrey Coke. By an inscription on the tomb, he was said to have been employed in many offices of trust by Queen Elizabeth. And, beginning from the statue, there was a long range of tablets on the wall, ending with one, very simple and plain, to the memory of Mr. George Coke, farmer. "The history and decline of the Cokes," said Martin May. "It is all here, plainly enough. Why, the cost of that Sir Humphrey's marble statue would almost now be a fortune for one of his descendants,—if, indeed, there are any of them living. And I wonder whether there are."

Just then came in the sexton. He was a man with a low forehead and a wide mouth, and he wore a brown smock frock. Martin May said to him, "An ancient family, these Purefoys. Is it in existence now?"

"I do not know where that is," answered the sexton. "If it were anywhere hereabouts, mayhap I could tell. Existence! Is it a borough, or a parish, or something of a hall? I have never heard tell of it."

"Oh! existence is a very wide, wide parish."

"Ah!" said the sexton, reflectingly. "How many funerals a week, now, may there be in it?"

"Innumerable."

"I never heard of that number before. Innumerable! Ah! we do not reckon that way in a little place like this. Do you know the sexton, sir, what his name is?"

"It is Time."

"And does he dig all the graves himself?"

"One by one, he himself buries everybody."

"Well now I get only a shilling for a grave,—no more. And down by Thompson's tomb it is hard digging, very. But in these large parishes, especially in towns, there is better payment than there is in a little place like this. Now that Master Time, what do you think he gets?"

"He gets it all his own way, all over the parish, with everybody."

"Ah! does he? Then I will be bound that he is clerk, as well as sexton."

"And so he is. And he says Amen at the end of everybody."

"Ah!" said the sexton, enviously, "when a man is clerk, it goes well with him. He is not afraid then of the churchwardens. Not he! They cannot touch him any more than the parson. I should have been clerk myself, only they said I could not read. But Jim Stubbs, that is clerk, does not read much better than I can. And I could have got young Smithells to whisper me, just as Stubbs does. And I am not hard of hearing, as he is."

"And so there are none of these Purefoys in Drayton now? and you have never known any thing of them?"

"No. They must have left the parish before my time. There has never one of them been a piece of work for me."

Martin May looked up at one of the tablets in the chancel, and read aloud, "Sir Percy Purefoy, Hargham Hall."

"Hargham Hall!" exclaimed the sexton; "that is close by. It is where the Purefights used to live, a long while ago. When I was a boy, the old people used to talk about them; but nobody does now. Why they were called Purefights was because of that stone man in the corner. Not that one, but that other yonder. Seeing is knowing, they say; and you can see for yourself that he has his sword by his side, and his legs crossed, and his hands, as though he were praying. And that is the reason of the name. And all the family after him were called Purefights. So you see, sir, that anybody who has ever lived in this parish I know about. But people in other parishes are no business of mine. Though sometimes there will come a funeral here out of some other parish; because it is pleasant ground to lie in, this of ours, —dry and wholesome. And that is what I ought to know; for I have dug down into it twelve feet deep. Twelve feet deep once, when it was snowing, I went down, and never took cold. And so I can say that it is a dry, comfortable spot for a body to lie in."

"Does the vicar live near?"

"Yes, sir; but he is not at home now. Nor is Jim Stubbs, that is the clerk. But, if you want them, I will let them know. But a gentleman like you will not want to have the banns put up to be read. And, if you have got the license, the curate at Harling will come over and marry you at any time."

"Not so fast, Mr. Sexton! I am not in need of your vicar's services at all. And, if I were expecting so to be, I should

rather they were going to be such services as you would yourself share in."

"That is very kind of you, sir," said the sexton, lifting his hand to the place where the rim of his round hat would have been if he had it on.

"But I belong as yet to the wide parish of Existence. And invisibly, yet I hope quite certainly, there are round about me the walls of the church of Christ. And sometimes there are thundered at me sermons from on high, higher than this pulpit; and at other times there are such soft, sweet words for my hearing, that my soul in me melts at them. And these discourses I have to listen to for some time yet, I hope. And then, at last, that sexton Time will dig my place for me somewhere."

"Would not you like, sir, to come into the vestry?"

In the vestry, on a shelf, were a few books. And one of them was a volume of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," with the chain yet hanging to it by which it was once fastened in some public place, for public reading, agreeably to an Act of Parliament of the reign of Elizabeth.

While Martin May was looking at this old volume, a lady came in at the vestry door. But, on seeing a stranger there, she retired quickly. In the door-way she dropped her purse. Martin May picked it up, and, half-way down the aisle, overtook the owner, and restored it to her; and said, "I shall be very sorry, if I hinder your business here. I have none myself; and I am just now leaving. Will you excuse me? I should like to ask you one question about these tablets, because it would be useless for me to inquire from the sexton,—Are there any of this family of Coke surviving now?"

"Yes, one or two."

"And belonging to Manchester, either of them?"

"I think so — perhaps — yes. But I have been a stranger here for many years."

"Mr. George Coke, who has some connection with Thorpe, and who is very ill there just now, — is he one?"

"I suppose so," said the lady faintly, and sat down on one of the benches.

Martin May returned to the vestry for his hat. The lady was dressed in deep mourning. She was between thirty and forty years of age. Her voice was expressive of melancholy and great

tenderness. While speaking, she had a very sweet smile. But it seemed as though commonly she might have that irresolute, absent look which belongs to those persons who have long had their life of thought separated from their life of action.

The lady had dropped her veil before her face while Martin May was in the vestry. He was returning down the aisle, and was bowing to the lady as he passed, when she addressed him in a hesitating way: "You said, sir, that he,—that the gentleman,—that Mr. George was at Thorpe, ill."

"Yes, ma'am, very ill he has been; though now he is getting better, and will recover, it is said."

"Thank you, sir. I am obliged to you for your politeness."

Martin May passed on, and went out of the church, unknowing of what he had done. When he emerged from the low portal into the sunshine, and stood among the graves that were fenced round by the ancient yew-trees, so sombre and dense, he said to himself, "They rot here, one on the top of another, perhaps thirty generations of people,—men of yesterday, and also men of long ago,—valiant archers, to whom these yew-trees yielded bows for the fight, and then shadows for their graves. And yet, with slight differences, it is the same thing over and over again,—our human life."

He looked up at the dial over the church-door, and he saw by the index that it was exactly midday. And then he noticed, that, sculptured in stone, outside of the dial, and coiled round it, there was drawn a serpent, the old symbol of eternity. And he said, "Yes, it is as Mr. Lingard says. Our lives are rounded by eternity, and to be perfected so. And, shone upon by the Sun of Righteousness, always on the dial of life the index points to the hours, and also beyond them, and into infinity. Courage, my soul, courage!"

One evening, Martin May sat on a stile, under an oak-tree, by the side of the highway; and along the road came Justice Burleigh in a gig, with his coachman driving him.

The gig stopped opposite the stile, and the justice called out in a fierce tone, "Are you the Yankee that is staying about here?"

"Yes, I am," answered Martin May very gently.

"Then what do you mean by telling people that everybody can go a-poaching over in that country of yours, wherever it is?"

"I never said so."

"Oh, you did not! What did you say then?"

"Well, I was talking with some farmers one evening, and I said that in America there was no such a thing as poaching; and I believe I may have said that it would be a shame if there were."

"Eh! what! no poaching in America!" exclaimed the justice, quite mollified in his tone; "what lies people tell! Good country magistrates, — eh? active, eh? Good, strict laws against the possession of fire-arms, eh? But no poaching, no poaching at all?"

"None whatever. For a farmer on his own ground, it is all fair, open shooting, because there is no game-law against it. On his own land, at proper times, without leave or license from any quarter, a man can kill his own woodcocks, and eat them, — his own partridges, his own quails" —

Here the justice went crimson in the face, and half rose in the gig, and cried, "His own, — your own, — his own! Who told you they were his own? Sir, who are you to find fault with this country? What have we to do with your outlandish notions? A vagrant, for all your looks! Ay, my fine gentleman, you may laugh; but I have committed better-looking men than you before now. Let me catch you trespassing or shooting, and then you shall see, or my name is not Burleigh. A pest of fellow! you to be pretending flaws!"

Here the justice choked with rage; and here Martin May rose from his seat, and advanced a step, and said in a quick tone, "Flaw! There is something of a flaw in your title to Haslingden; and I can make it good with a name I have discovered. I tell you because you are a kinsman of mine; though not a very near one, I am glad to say."

Here the justice drove off without a word. However, in a few days, he sent one of his gamekeepers to the dell, with a present of a brace of pheasants, and another of partridges.

FOLLY OF BIGOTRY.—When Sir Roger de Coverley, in his young days, inquired of a chance passenger his way to St. Anne's Lane, the roundhead whom he addressed called him a popish cur, and bade him find it as best he might. Asking again of another wayfarer the way to Anne's Lane, he was told by the cavalier, the

lady was a saint before he was born, and he might go and learn his manners. Thus rebuffed, the worthy knight strolled about the district, contenting himself with ascertaining how each street was named, until he discovered that of which he was in search.

A perplexity not altogether dissimilar might at this time beset a stranger seeking his way to the church of England. Imagine a subject of the Rajah of Sarawak, duly impressed with the uniformity of our establishment, demanding, not far from Gray's Inn, whether the uncouth edifice, from which a single bell is monotonously tolling, belongs to the church. — "That, sir," his informant, dressed perhaps in a coat reaching to his ankles, and buttoned close up to his chin, may exclaim with indignation, "that, sir! No, sir. That is a mere conventicle: *we do not acknowledge it.*" In the afternoon the poor Bornese may be roaming in a more fashionable district, and repeat his question in reference to a building of greater architectural pretensions. The precise gentleman, whom he now accosts will shake his head mournfully, and tell him: "Alas! sir, they teach no religion there; nothing vital, sir: they are unsound." Evening may find the Oriental in Hyde Park, once more inquiring of a rosy and portly personage, if the Gothic tower, towards which a stream of carriages is rolling, adorns a church. And, "Faith, sir," he may be told, with a smile and a shrug, "I only know it is not in my parish: they do say it is a popish mass-house."

A conventicle! a house of no religion! A mass-house! Where shall the Bornese turn? On further investigation, he discovers that all these places of worship do, in fact, despite the characters respectively ascribed to them, belong to the church of England. How bewildering for the Oriental mind! — *Selected.*

EARTH AND HEAVEN. — It is a sentiment worthy of our Christian education, that "God has made the heavens above us higher, broader, deeper, and more magnificent, than the earth, that we might be overawed by them; and he has made them more bright and beautiful than the earth, that they might allure us. Morally as well as physically, God has hung the earth fast to the heavens, and continues it by a law of gravitation whose centre is *there*; and hereby he will shadow forth to us the truth, that our spirits, in all their affections, should hinge and turn upon the high, the infinite, the heavenly. Our proper position is to stand, like the high-priest before the altar, and in devout worship to stretch forth our hands towards the heavens, while our hearts also rise thitherward, in earnest hope and love." — *Selected.*